



### Temperance Department.

HERBERT ALSTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS, IN "DAY OF REST."

(Concluded).

Having sent the letter off, Morris returned to Herbert's bedroom. The glass which he left on the table was quite empty. With a sigh the man turned to draw the window-blind, as the warm, red rays of the setting sun were falling across Herbert's face. The room seemed close, and Morris opened the window to allow the fragrant evening air to sweep in. A barrel-organ was playing somewhere, and the notes sounded strangely soft and sweet coming from a distance. Herbert opened his eyes as he caught the changed tune. It was that simple melody—dear to every English heart—"Home, sweet home!"

Morris's boots creaked as he crossed the apartment. "Hush!" said Herbert, in a whisper, "'tis Amy singing." And he raised his head a little to listen.

When the strain had died away, he still lay looking up at the bed-hangings. His eyes, large and sunken as they were, glowed like coals of fire.

The sun went down, and twilight wrapped the earth in her gray mantle. Herbert's room was quite dark. Morris proceeded to adjust and light the night-lamp.

"Morris," said Herbert, in a mysterious manner, after a long silence; "do you know, this house is haunted?"

Morris's face flushed a little as he replied, "No, sir, I don't think it is."

"I know it is, and I'll get out of it tomorrow. I was out of bed all last night, keeping them off. My shoulder is in a pretty state with knocking about, and my hand won't be well for a week." He held his hand out toward Morris. There was a bruise on the back of it, and the knuckles were slightly grazed and swollen.

"I tell you what it is," he continued, in the same hissing whisper, "I'll not be left alone to-night. It wants somebody as strong as Hercules to combat with them, and I'm regularly done up. You'll stay here with me to-night, Morris."

"Very well, sir," said Morris, feeling a little alarmed. "Won't you try to get to sleep now a bit?"

Herbert did not reply. Morris took a seat in an easy chair which he had brought in for the purpose of getting as much rest as possible through the night. He got a book, and tried to read, but the time passed very wearily. The clock of a neighboring church struck, at what seemed to him terribly long intervals, the evening hours.

It was drawing toward midnight. Herbert had fallen asleep and was breathing very heavily. Morris's eyes grew stiff, and in spite of his efforts to keep awake he gradually sank to sleep too.

What had transpired in that room during his two hours' slumber mortal tongue may never tell. One day had died, and a new one had been born. Ere he went, the dying day held his dusky finger to one and another of earth's children, and they followed him silently, unresistingly into eternity. He gathered up one young and blighted life, and bore it away in his sable embrace. Many, many more such he might have taken, but we know he took that one.

Morris rose and yawned as he woke from his sleep. The room seemed miserably dim and cold, and the man shivered. He looked toward his young master, but the face was turned away. Morris felt thankful that he still slept. He crept quietly from the apartment to get a warmer coat from his own room. Wrapping himself in it, he returned to Herbert's bedside, and resumed his seat and his book.

Such awful silence reigned that he could distinctly hear the ticking of Herbert's watch, which hung at the bed-head. Not until many minutes had elapsed did it strike him as being strange that he could not hear the sleeper's breathing. A strange thrill of fear passed through him, and kept him to his seat, as a thought flashed across his mind.

"Nonsense!" he muttered, after a minute or two, and, rising, he leaned over Herbert. The eyes were wide open—fixed on the wall with an unnatural, unearthly stare. The two white hands were clenched together; they were stiff and cold.

Morris's face blanched; he felt like one in a nightmare; his limbs seemed bound and powerless. With difficulty he got out of the room, and the next minute he was at the door of the chamber occupied by the mistress of the house. She was startled from her slumbers by a man's agonizing cry: "For the love of heaven come here, ma'am! my master's dead!"

The following morning Morris's letter reached Jane Hartley. It cast a gloom over her naturally cheerful spirit, for she feared to tell Lady Alston of the serious state of her beloved son's health.

The lady sat at her dressing-table, looking out over the esplanade, and away at the quiet sea, whose tiny waves were sparkling in the morning sun. Jane had just finished arranging her heavy braids of hair under a jaunty little white lace cap. As the lady glanced for the hundredth time at the mirror before her, she noticed the sad expression of her maid's face.

"Hartley, you look unwell this morning," said she, in the kindly manner which she always manifested to the young girl.

"I am quite well, thank you, my lady," she replied, with some hesitation; "but I've received a letter from Morris, and he says—"

"Ah, I see," said Lady Alston, with a smile, "you want to be running away from me."

"No, not that, my lady. He speaks of Mr. Alston."

"Well?" demanded the lady in an anxious tone. And she fixed her eyes searchingly on the girl's face.

"He is very ill, my lady, and Morris thought perhaps your ladyship might like to write, or even—"

"Enough," was the reply; "he is ill, and I will be with him. Get me a travelling dress; I start by the next train. You need not accompany me, but directly Sir Richard arrives in Scarborough, you follow me. He expects to be here by noon to-day." These few sentences were uttered in a hurried, nervous manner, while the lady was throwing on her dress.

"Leave me, and make enquiries about the departure of the train," she continued. "You can start this afternoon; and bring with you such things as you think I may require. I shall take nothing."

In the afternoon of that day, Morris was dismayed to see a cab drive up to the door of the house where Herbert had been staying for some days past, and to see Lady Alston step from it in a trembling state of excitement. She might have known the whole truth ere then had Morris addressed the telegram to Scarborough; but, knowing that Sir Richard was detained in London, he sent the awful message to him instead. He expected the bereaved father's arrival every moment. Morris met the lady on the stairs. "How is Mr. Alston?" was the anxious question with which she greeted him.

As she did not wait for a reply, but continued ascending, Morris made no answer. "Show me his room," she said, on reaching landing. As the man did not at once comply she reiterated, sharply, "Show me his room!" adding, "This house is enough to make any one ill—so gloomy and shrouded."

"Your ladyship must please not to insist on seeing Mr. Alston just now," began Morris.

"This moment!" said the lady, stamping her foot; and she passed quickly by Morris, and entered the chamber of death.

With her gloved hands she drew aside the bed-curtains, expecting to meet the glance of her son, but there was only the ghastly white gleaming of a sheet which concealed from her view the best-loved object on earth. She tore away the covering, and beheld for the last time the beautiful features, now stone-like, rigid in death.

With eyes almost starting from their sockets, she turned and clutched Morris's arm, at the same time screaming in his ear some unintelligible words. The next minute she was forcibly removed from the room—a maniac!

A month subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were entertaining in their peaceful home the grief-stricken brother of the latter. His two-fold sudden trial had broken his spirit, and literally bowed him; he walked with a stoop-

ing gait. It seemed as if the weight of many years had fallen upon him in that one short month.

One evening he said to his sister, "I shall at once resign my seat in the House, Agnes."

"Do you not think, dear brother, that you might, by remaining as long as possible, materially aid in agitating for the legislative suppression of—"

"Ah! that cursed traffic, you mean. For his sake I should like to do so, Agnes, but I cannot: I am not equal to any such work now. I am broken down. I must leave it to those who are stronger in mind and body, and better able to wage honest war against such an evil. I will pray for their success: I can do no more."

After more conversation, he said, "When your Walter comes home for the holidays in winter, I would like him to visit that—that grave with me. I have something to say to him."

Accordingly one cold December day, Walter Wylie found himself with Sir Richard Alston in the little town where Herbert died. The youth gave his arm to the old gentleman as they descended from the cab outside the bleak churchyard. A thin covering of snow was spread over the stunted grass of the several mounds, and the cold wind mournfully swayed the dusky cypresses. The two walked slowly past the silent graves until they reached one over which a willow drooped; its long branches trailing on the grass with every gust of wind. It was a sad and lonely spot. No unseen angel hovered near to whisper to the weeping mourners the joy inspiring words: "He is not here, but is risen." No motherly hand had helped to clear away the weeds, and strew the last resting-place of the beloved one with flowers. The white stone looked grim and ghastly on which was graven the few simple words—

In Memoriam

HERBERT RICHARD ALSTON

Born May 18th, 183—

Died Sept. 30th, 185—

And a moment's reckoning told you that the sleeper beneath went down to a dishonored grave at the early age of twenty-six.

"Walter," began the old gentleman, in trembling tones, "you knew him?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"You know how he went down to death—what it was that made me childless and lonely?"

"I do," said Walter, closing his lips tightly the moment he had uttered the words.

"I want you to promise me here, as in the sight of the great God, that you will devote youth, health, talents, everything you possess, to the one work of blasting that which blasts hearts, and lives, and homes unceasingly."

The words were slowly and solemnly uttered, and the old man's bosom heaved with a choking sob as he ceased.

As slowly and solemnly the words fell from the lips of the youth: "God is my witness—I will!"

Without trusting himself to say more, Walter gently drew the old gentleman's arm within his own, and led him away.

The grass now waves above the last resting-place of Sir Richard Alston, whose gray hairs were prematurely brought down in sorrow to the tomb.

His wife is the inmate of a private asylum. Her weary days are spent in recounting again and again some thrilling, disconnected tale of imaginary sorrow; or in making passionate appeals to her keeper concerning the fate of a beloved son.

Mrs. Wylie—now a widow—and Amy have to rejoice in the success which attends Walter, in his noble endeavors to fulfil the promise so solemnly made over the grave of the Early Wrecked. We require no prophetic power to enable us to say that before this year is done hundreds will go down to death as Herbert Alston went. Week by week graves are filling with just such poor, yet beautiful wrecks of humanity. Who will lend a helping hand to save them? Men and women, with warm, loving hearts throbbing in your bosoms, the appeal is to you!

### THE TOBACCO PROBLEM.

BY META LANDER.

The testimony as to the injurious influence of tobacco on body and mind is clear and overwhelming.

In 1862, the Emperor Napoleon, learning that paralysis and insanity had increased with the increase of the tobacco revenue, ordered an examination of the schools and colleges, and, finding that the average standing in both

scholarship and character was lower among those who used the weed than among the abstainers, issued an edict forbidding its use in all the national institutions.

Since the fall of the Empire, the minister of public instruction, finding from the professors in the scientific and other schools that in every grade the students who did not smoke outranked those who did, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorated as the smoking continued, has issued a circular to the teachers in both colleges and schools forbidding tobacco as injurious to physical and intellectual development.

French physicians and prominent men of science are in agreement upon the same view, and also in the conviction that it sows the seeds of many diseases. It is asserted by a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine that "statistics show that in exact proportion with the increased consumption of tobacco is the increase of diseases in the nervous centres—insanity, general paralysis, paraplegia, and certain cancerous affections."

Prof. Lizars, of Edinburgh, enumerates a fearful catalogue of diseases which he proves to be the result of tobacco, adding:

"It is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth and enfeebled in their minds before they arrive at manhood."

What an advance in intellectual and moral power should we behold if our young men could be induced to follow the example of Sir Isaac Newton, who refused to smoke because he "would make no necessities for himself"; a sentiment worthy to be engraved over the doors of every college and school-house in the land.

Dr. Willard Parker, an undoubted authority, says:

"It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious but positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals and in private practice; and such persons cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true, also, of those who smoke or chew much."

In the Bellevue Hospital there were recently fifty patients suffering from one of the most fearful and incurable of maladies, contracted from cigars manufactured in tenement houses, by diseased persons, the finishing touch being given by the teeth and tongue. Among the physicians who have traced several similar cases to this source may be named Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, of New York.

That most terrible of diseases, delirium tremens, which was formerly regarded as due only to alcohol, is now, by Dr. Abraham Spoor and other learned doctors, ascribed largely "to the exasperating agency of tobacco upon human nerves and organism."

A French physician, who had studied the effects of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between nine and fifteen, gives as the result that twenty-seven presented marked symptoms of nicotine poisoning; twenty-three serious derangement of the intellectual faculties and a strong appetite for alcoholic drinks; three, heart disease; eight, decided deterioration of the blood; twelve, frequent nose-bleed; ten, disturbed sleep; and four, ulceration of the mouth in its mucous membrane. These facts are given on the authority of the *British Medical Journal*.

In Germany, the mischief done to growing boys has been found to be so great that the German Government has ordered the police to forbid lads under sixteen from smoking in the street.

A WINFIELD, Kansas, brewer writes: "I have invested over \$10,000 in my brewery, and I do not believe I could get \$500 for it now, on account of the prohibition law. I have \$10,000 worth of beer in my vaults, and am not allowed to sell a drop. My barley and malt cost me ninety-five cents a bushel, but I cannot get fifty cents for it now. You have no idea how our people are upset by the new law." And yet we are continually being told that in Kansas, as in Maine, the law is a failure, and that "prohibition does not prohibit."

DR. ANDREW CLARK remarks in the *Lancet*, that, "having observed one of the greatest hospitals in London, he had come to the deliberate conclusion that seven cases out of ten were owing to drink. Not so much to drunkenness, but to the constant undermining process."